AVENCED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

[COPTRIGET, 1890.]

with cobrest not noting darre sametap to purchase a vessel (upon which he had set his fancy) and still leave a sufficient mount to work with, he had advertised in the columns of a New York paper for a partner. The result was that he formed a business agreement with Mr. Emer-ick, a gentleman who had just returned from abroad where he said he had amassed quite a large amount of money in disposing of American mining stocks. Mr. Emerick had given as his reason for embarking in trade that, being tired of exciting speculation, he wished to settle down in some legitimate busi-

The partnership appeared to be a pleasant one, for so far there had never en any trouble. The firm prospered, and a few years after it commenced operations Mr. Howe went to Buenos Ayres to open up a branch office and had remained there until the present

Mr. Howe's opinion of his partner was that he was a rather eccentric individual, which opinion would doubtless be confirmed upon his receipt of the cable message announcing Emerick's sudden intention of coming to Buenos Ayres to

exchange places with him.

He was accustomed to sudden and unexpected actions from his partner, but this was exceptional and inexplicable.

The following morning French Emilie was brought up before the police magis-trate and fined for disorderly conduct; she wildly protested her innocence, but it was of no use, and having no money, she was sent out to the work-house to work out her fine.

Late that same evening a young man sat in the office of a cheap hotel near the Ferry, reading the evening paper, when he suddenly clutched it tightly and stared at it in an incomprehensible manner. He was reading othe police items and had just come to a paragraph stating that Emilie Brezy, better known as "French Emilie," had been arrested and fined for disorderly conduct the night before. The report went on to state that the poor crazy woman had followed Mr. Emerick, a prominent New York merchant, claiming that he was her husband who had left her years ago.

The young man who read the paragraph was none other than Eugene Bregy, the son of the poor woman. He had only just returned from the West, where he had saved a few hundred dollars, intending to embark in some kind of business in New York or Brooklyn.

After reading the account in the paper he knew in a moment that his poor mother had become the victim of the officialism embodied in a blue coat and silver buttons. He at once sought the police office, but was told he would have to wait until the following morning when he could pay his mother's fine and she would be released.

He lost no time doing so when the next morning came, and he soon took his overjoyed mother to the miserable garret she rented in the Eastern district. As quickly as possible mother and son cleared out every thing worth taking and moved into a cheap hat it more comfortable quarters. Next followed explanations. Eugene told how he had written to his mother from Colorado, but she declared that his letter had never reached her. Then he related the story of his adventures in the mining regions, and after he had told all he had to say, he quietly reproached his mother, and charged her with having given way to drink. She cried pitconsly, and said: "How could I help it? Deserted by my husband and then by my son, I felt alone in the world, and could no longer resist the temptation to drown my sorrows. Like many other unfortunate ones I gave way to strong temptation and sought solace in the dram. Now, that you have returned to me, I will mend my ways and liquor shall never touch my

"Indeed, I hope it never will, mother," was the response.

Eugene was a fine-built, muscular

young fellow, hale and hearty, deepchested, and, withal, very steady in his habits. He had mixed with some rough companions out West, but somehow he ed to have escaped contamination and nowdesired to return and settle down in an atmosphere of civilization and refinement-at least refinement as compared with the bolsterous rudeness of a

"By the by, mother, what was that about your claiming a Mr. Emorick as your long-lost husband?"

"As I live, Eugene, that man was No matter how many



"AS I LIVE, EUGENE, THAT MAN WAS YOUR FATHER!

years have clapsed, no matter how he treated me, no matter what has passed since then. I am positive that I am not mistaken, and I am going to make some inquiries quietly and see if I can find inquiries quietly and see if I can and out something about him. The policeman said his name was Emerick and that he was a merchant who had chartored that big steamer lying at the dock. I suppose by this time he is farout at sea, but we can easily find something out about him now that we know the same."

merchant, I want to know the truth

make up your mind, my boy, will never cross my path again schmowledging both of us."

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lem, and one day while in a drug store he was looking over the directory, without any special object other than to pass the time while the clerk filled a

prescription for his mother.

When he turned to the "E's" the thought flashed through his mind to look for Mr. Emerick's address. He found it, and, taking a note-book from his pocket, he entered both the residence address and that of the office.

The first time he was down-town he scription for his mother.

The first time he was down-town he soughtout the place on Pearl street and entering the office he inquired of one of the clerks if Mr. Emerick was in. Had Mr. Emerick been there Eugene would hardly have known how to act, but he had good reason to believe that the gentleman for whom he was inquiring was in a foreign land; so he took the risk in order to get a look round the office and try to learn something of his where-

It chanced that the clerk to whom Eugene addressed his inquiry was Gooch, and it also happened that Mr. Bellew had forgotten to tell that individual not to inform any one where Mr. Emerick had gone. Consequently when Engene asked: "Is Mr. Emerick in?" Gooch replied: "No, sir, he is not. He is at Buenos Ayres by this time."
"How soon will be return?" asked

Eugene. "It may be next month, may be next year and may be never," was

"Poor chance of seeing this father of

mine," thought Eugene. Then, after a moment's pause, turned to the clerk and merely said: "Thank you. good-day," and turned on

The door of the office was fitted with a patent air spring and as the door was closing quietly Eugene heard a voice call out inside:

"Gooch, you fool, why did you tell that fellow that Mr. Emerick was in

Buenos Ayres?" The closing of the door shut off the reply, but the remark set Eugene to wondering, and when he reached home

he told his mother what he had heard. "Eugene," said his mother, "I am as sure as I am living that the man who went aboard that steamer is your father and if I had the money to do it I would follow him to Buenos Ayres or any other place until I forced him to ac-

"The only thing that we can do, mother, is to wait until we can make enough money to afford to travel so far. In the meantime he may come back to New York; I know where his rooms are and I am going to keep a sharp lookout for him. But," continued Eugene after a pause: "He may never come back. That is what the clerk said."

"Then all we can do is to wait and hope that he will come across our path,"

said his mother. The new kind of life had very much improved Mrs. Bregy's appearance. Her face were its natural color again and in her new clothes she looked very different from the poor castaway who used to sell the evening papers at the Brooklyn ferries.

Eugene's business prospered. He was making money in his store and by the end of December he had bought himself a horse and wagon. This brought him still more trade and consequently he found his mother's assistance of great value to him. He hired a boy but usually delivered the groceries himself. for he found it such a hard task to get a small accounts that this plan was quite

One day, shortly after New Year's, Eugene had gone out on a rather long round with a big load and did not return by the time his mother expected him. She was a nervous woman and his prolonged absence made her anxious. Every now and again she would go to the door and peer up and down the street to see if he was coming; but no, he came not. She endeavored to quiet herself by thinking of the heavy load he had and supposed that he was de-layed delivering it, but when evening me and it commenced to get dark she was undisguisedly alarmed and openly expressed her fears that some harm had happened to him.

Some of the people from the neighborhood would drop in to make purchases, yet somehow she could get no one to sympathize with her; everybody had a suggestion or theory to advance, but nobody believed any harm had happened Eugene. One old woman who came in said: "Mebbe he's orf on a

To this remark Mrs. Bregy gave such an indignant denial that a noisy warfare of words at once ensued in which Mrs. Bregy came out second best. Her enced in this kind of skirmishing and maintained an even temper while the French woman lost hers altogether.

This virago had not been gone from the store many minutes when a respectable Irish woman came in to make a few

When she had what she wanted she inquired: "And where's yez bye to-

"That is more than I can tell Mrs. Dennis. I have been expecting him back every minute, for more than two hours. He went out to deliver some groceries with the borse and wagon and fear some harm has happened him." "Shure and I hope no harrum has hap-

man that he is and I'd be sorry to hear "Something must have happened or

pened him at all. It's a foine young

he would be here by this time. Mrs. Dennis belonged to a class of people who, when they wish to comfort any one, think it is best done by relating their own grievances. These latter-day disciples of Bildad the Shuhite and his friends cherish the idea that misery loves company, and act accordingly; thought, and raise improbable questions which sink like knives into the hearts of their listeners. Any person who has over had a comforter of this kind can

form an idea what Mrs. Bregy's feelings soap box and said: "It was just about this toime o'night last winther when they brought me world that me ould man was lying over to t'hospital beyant the Sixth aveno

wid his leg broke. Shure it was a great blow to me, and there he lay cussin' and greanin' all that blessed cowld win-"Don't talk like that," said Mrs e, I shall die."

But the old Irish woman had to relate a few more such incidents before she went away, and after she had gone. Mrs. Bregy sat down and thought that the old woman was probably right and something dreadful must have happened. Then she decided it was no use to sit and wonder. She would close



IN' ALL WINTHER.' the store and go out to make inquiries. She called the boy and commenced car-rying the things in from the door when

policeman drove up in Eugene's wagon, but without Eugene. Mrs. Bregy's heart gave a bound, but she managed to cry out: "What is the matter? What has happened to my

"Don't get excited, mam. He is not locked up, but he met with a slight accident and is lying over at the Roosevelt hospital, and if you will go with

me I will drive you to him." "Of course I will go with you!" said the now thoroughly excited woman. "Just wait while I close the store."

The policeman happened to be a very kindly sort of man, so he helped her to carry in the boxes and roll the barrels from the doorway. Then he sat in the wagon while she put on her bonnet, and in a few moments they were going down-town at a rattling pace.

On the way the policeman told Mrs. Bregy that her son met with the accident in crossing the entrance to Central Park. The horses attached to a lady's carriage had taken fright just as they emerged from the park and had run into Eugene's wagon, which was upset, together with the lady's vehicle. The lady had miraculously escaped without injury, but Eugene had been taken in an ambulance to the hospital. Had his wagon been loaded, the policeman said. it would not have been upset, but Eugene had delivered his goods and was driving home.

The policeman was very chatty, and the mother's suspense in going to the hospital was consequently considerably

When she arrived there the surgeons told her that her son could not just then be seen. They said his shoulder had been dislocated and he had received a slight concussion, but would in all probability be about again in the course of a couple of weeks. At first they seemed determined that she should not see her son, but on hearing from a nurse that he was sleeping quietly they allowed the distressed woman to take look at him. After that the kindhearted policeman drove her home and stabled the horse for her.

That night was a terrible one for Mrs. Bregy. It was only within the past few months that her better nature had asserted itself after lying dormant for nearly twenty years. The buffetings she had received from the world had deadened the purer sentiments which her breast, but now that she had found that there was still a place for her in the world, she was lifted out of the mire into which she had drifted and felt that she had something to live for. Not for revenge-for such was not her motive. She had loved and loved truly, and her love was as true, if not as pure, to-day as when the dignified Alphonse Bregy led her to the altar in the little French church in New York. It was still as ardent as it was when he first called her wife and took her home to the modest flat near to Washington Park. Still she was living with an ob-

Her son had recently occupied a large part of her heart, but her husband still retained his place, and as day followed day the image of the gentleman who purchased the paper from her would rise to her mind, and in her dreams he was ever present. Sometimes she would murmur in those dreams: "Alphonse, don't you know me?" Then she would dream that once more they were united -Eugene his father's right hand, the father and son bound together by the strongest ties that can bind on this earth, their home the pleasantest place imaginable, nothing to trouble or vex them, the past forgiven and forgot-

ten. Then a grim vail would cover all and a dreadful nightmare follow. and as the sun's rays burst through the blinds in the early morn she would turn restlessly on her bed, stretch out her arms, open her eyes and find that she was still alone. Lately she had resigned herself very much to her cir-cumstances and had given up all idea of ever seeing her busband again True, she had little cause to wish to see him, but, like many another patient and long-suffering woman, she loved and

hoped against fate.
And now in the midst of the brightness of her new life this other trouble had come upon her. Eugene, her manly boy, had been snatched from her side for a time and she was left without i counsellor or friend with the store on her hands and only a slight experience to guide her as to what was best to do. Fortunately ber brain was clear and knowing a young German who was sorely in need of some employment, temporary or otherwise, she hired him to attend to the store and was thereby enabled to make frequent visits to Eugene at the hospital. His case did not prove as serious as was at first imagined and his recovery was much more rapid than the most hopeful of the surgeons had

anticipated. In the second week he was able move about a little and his mother was allowed to hold long conversations with

One day as his mother was leaving be said: "Mother, I wish you would try and got here a little sconer the day after to-morrow. The young lady who was in the carriage at the time the accident occurred will be here. She often comes to see me and ser of good things to eat and drink."

"That is rather an uncommon thing agene. Usually in a case of that kind a few apologies are expressed and that is the last of it," said his mother.

the invalid. "No one could have expressed more concern than this lady does. Why, she sometimes brings friends with her to see me and has offored me money. One day she left a purse on the bed containing five hun-dred dollars, but I slipped it into her received next time she came and she

aught me in the act. I told her I did not want her money. I only wanted to

"Well said, Eugene; you have the right spirit," said his mother.

It brought back thoughts of bygone days and gave Mrs. Bregy much to think of in connection with her youth and noble parentage when she heard such sentiment uttered by her son, and when she left him that day she kissed him with more fervor than she had ever

She went back to the store and worked with renewed vigor that afternoon, and on the second day appeared punctually at the hospital. She met her son in the reception-room talking with the most beautiful young lady she had ever seen in her life. She stood for a moment and gazed at ber in silent admiration and might have stood longer had not Eugene broken the spell by say-ing: "Mother, this is Miss Delaro, the lady who had such a fortunate escape on the day when I was hurt."

"Good afternoon, Miss Delaro," said the French woman, in her politest

Armida-for it was none other-responded with equal civility, and then

"Mrs. Bregy, I am sorry indeed that your son should have met with this ac-cident in consequence of our coachman's inability to retain control of the horses. But he was unaccustomed to them, and as a result this worthy son of yours is

his ordinary vocation, must occasion him great loss of money, besides having caused him a great amount of pain. You really must allow us to recompense you for the loss you have sustained." "Not at all, miss. It was a misfortune

forced into weeks of uselessness which,

besides preventing him from following



YOU REALLY MUST ALLOW US TO REC-

must suffer it. My boy has lots of pluck and he will soon make good his loss," said Mrs. Bregy.

"That will not do at all," said Armida; "I must at least share part of the damage, and insist on being allowed to do something for you either now or at some future time."

"Please understand, Miss Delaro, that neither of us wish it." was the quiet but

"Then you will at least grant me one privilege," said Armida, pleasantly. "I am told that your son will leave the hospital in a few days. Then permit me to call at the store and see how you are getting along, for I am thoroughly interested in the account of your histowhich your boy has gi would like to hear more.

"We shall always be pleased to see you, I am sure," said Mrs. Bregy. Armida then rose to go, saying: "Next time I hope to see you in your own home, and I sincerely hope that your son's business may not suffer very much in consequence of the accident."

Soon after Armida had gone Eugene remarked to his mother: "I have something to tell you, moth-

"What is it, Eugene, something im-

"Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps not. When Miss Delaro called last week I asked her if she know Mr. Emerick, the South American merchant, and she stared at me as though a thunderbolt had struck her, and answered: 'llow strange. Yes, I have met him; do you know him? I did not tell the circumstances of your meeting him. but I said that you had seen him once and he so resembled an old friend of yours that you always had him in your mind, but I shall never forget her puzzled look."

"This life is made up of mysteries," said his mother, who was much impressed by what Eugene had related.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Zano cures mental, nervous and sexual debility of men and restores lost manhood. Zano cures mental and sexual debility of men. Sold by A. R. Kane.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Daniel H. Craig. founder of the Asciated Press, is dead, aged 80 years. Governor Waite went out of office and Governor McIntyre came in at noon Tuesday. The simple ceremo-nies were witnessed by a large and distinguished audience. There was no procession.

A currency bill has been intro-duced by Representative Wadsworth of New York, the principal features of which are the issue of 2 per cent bonds payable in fifty years.

A story of love and disappointment ended Tuesday when Charles Haefin, in New York, a young dancing master, stood beneath the window of the woman he loved and blew out his brains. Interest in the municipal election

In these days of telephone, telegraph electricity and steam, people cannot relief. This is our reason for offering you O e Minute Cough Cure. Neither days, nor hours, nor even minutes clapse befere relief is afforded. McFadden &

and nervous system and restores lost man-hood. Zano cures mental and nervous debility of men. Sold by A. R. Kane. peculiar to women. Sold by A. R. Kane.

PAISE THE STANDARD.

It is evident to every person engaged in the profession of teaching that the salaries are too low, positions too uncertain and their labors too little appreciated to furnish much inducement to make preparation for the work as a life profession. It must also be evident to every patron of the public schools that there is too much inferior work done in the schools, that too many persons are going about the country carrying certificates who are not at all fitted for the work, that there is entirely too much chance in the matter of hiring teachers. There are causes for all of these

conditions and those teachers who

hope to make this their profession owe it to themselves and to the people whom they desire to serve to study these causes and offer some remedy for these evils. The people owe it to themselves to support any movement that will remove these conditions. Better teachers, better salaries, more permanent positions and better schools are what we want. How can these be secured is the question. No doubt many features must enter into the complete answer to this question, but we desire in this article to suggest just one step that we believe will tend largely to this end. That is raise the standard of requirements for teaching. And now by this we do not mean that more questions or harder questions shall be asked in mean that the nature of the questions should be changed somewhat and that some subjects that receive little or no attention at present should occupy a prominent position in the list of subjects for careful examination. When it is true that some teachers with lowest grade certificates are doing better work than many who carry first grade certificates, when there are many persons who cannot pass an examination at present who would do much more good in the schools than many of our highest grade teachers; in fact when some of our worst failures are teachers who hold high grades, it must be evident to any one that something is wrong with our system of examinations. These teachers answered the questions asked them and merited the grades they carry. They are proficient in knowledge of these subjects, but can they teach them? This most important question was not asked, nor was any means provided whereby the board of exam iners could determine this point. In fact it is not required. It is pos sible for every person with average

ability to gain a knowledge of the text-books taught in the public 20,000 HCRES OF FIRST CLASS MINING LAND TO LEASE FOR MINING, GRAZING AND FARMING PURPOSES. schools, but does it follow that even a fair teacher? A knowledge of text-books constitutes about fifty per cent of the true teacher's quali fications. Ability to impart knowledge and govern and influence children constitutes the other fifty per cent. More power in this regard should be given to examining boards, which should be composed of teachers of experience and demonstrated ability. Instead of con fining the questions to a knowledge of the text-books some attention hould be given their methods of aching the subjects. It is a prevailing idea among young people who apply for teachers' certificates that they should not be expected to have any method of teaching a subject, never having taught it. Supoose a man should apply to you to build your house and acknowledge to you that he had no plan for building houses inasmuch as he had

never built any. Applicants should not only be examined in their knowledge of books and ability to teach, but much attention should be given to natural adaptability for the work, power to

govern and influence children. It is true that we have a subject called theory and practice in which applicants are examined after a fashion, and this grade is not averaged with the others in third grade certificates and has very little effect upon the other certificates.

Teachers should be required to progress. No teacher should be granted more than one third grade certificate, nor more than two second grades. A teacher's certificate should be a true evidence of his experience and ability and his wages should be regulated accordingly. When applicants are granted certificates upon rigid examination, not only upon the knowledge of books, but also upon natural adaptability to teach and govern a school, by a competent and conscientious board of examiners the large number of young persons who come out of the grades every year and secure certificates will be greatly reduced. There will not be Pastilles will absolutely and positively more teachers than there are held throughout the province of Ontario was principally local. The Protestant Protective association, an organization similar to the A. P. A. in American politics, is very strong in some parts of the province and had several candidates in the field who

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Ex-Supreme Chief Banger of the Illinois Foresters and Deputy Su-preme Chief Ranger A. E. Stevenson of the Canadian order were held to the criminal court in Chicago, on charges of acting as agents of a fraternal insurance agency without a license. This is the outcome of a long and bitterly waged war between the Canadian order of Foresters and the Illinois organization.

Representative Curtis of Kansas, has introduced a bill by request to establish a court of arbitration to precommerce and the transportation of United States mails It is not thought United States mails It is not thought possible that anything of the kind can be put through at this session but this will place the bill before the country and be a step in the direction of consideration by the next congress. Severe snow storms have imp

Britain. In West Diriem there are three feet of snow. The Northwest and Highland railways are blocked Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure-it not only relieves; it cures. It is suitable to all ages and every member of the family

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